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Random Shots from the Pulpit.

THEY OFTEN MAKE CENTER HITS.

A "good hit" by a popular lecturer is usually fully appreciated. The more of them he can make, and the closer they strike, the better he is liked as a general thing.

Why is it, then, that darts shot by the preacher, often from "a bow drawn at a venture," so frequently rebound at his own feet, or are forcibly pulled out of the heart that is hit, and contemptuously flung back in his face?

Without attempting to answer this question proposed, the reader may be interested, if not profited, by the record of two specimen hits, selected at random, from a somewhat varied experience.

Some time since, a Christian lady became displeased at her pastor. A coldness on her part ensued which he could not account for. At length an inquiry elicted the explanation that the cause of umbrage was a sermon he had preached was intended to "hit" her, and consequently she felt very much "hurt."

As she readily recalled the text of the sermon, it was not a difficult matter to refer to the manuscript. Her mortification on finding that the "offensive discourse," which had been repeated verbatim, was written years before her acquaintance with the minister began, can more easily be imagined than described.

More recently the writer took occasion at a public meeting to allude to the fact that weak Christians sometimes allowed themselves to be used as a "cat's paw" by designing men, who, instead of sympathizing with, simply laughed at their victim after he had been burned. The point was illustrated by the well known fable of the monkey and the chestnuts.

At the conclusion of the service a very matter of fact brother button-holed the speaker and asked:

"Did you mean me, when telling that story about the cat?"

"By no means," was the reply; "you were not in my thoughts at the time; your presence in the house was not even known to me."

With a self-satisfied air the injured brother was about to depart, when my hand, laid upon his shoulder, arrested him.

"So," said I, "you have been pulling somebody's chestnuts out of the fire have you? Well, now, before you go just relieve your mind by making a 'clean breast' of the whole matter."

He blushed deeply, looked down at the floor, muttered something, and went away evidently "hit" and somewhat "hurt," but preferring to expose the wound no further.

By a strange perversity of human nature, not uncommon, these two persons had received "hits" that were never intended for them. And, instead of seeking to cure the "hurt," by righting the wrong which had made them so sensitive, they only aggravated it by cherishing hard feelings towards him who had unconciously smitten them for their good.

The "Blue Laws."

That our readers may fully understand the nature of the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, about which so much has been said, we publish them below in full. In early times statute books containing hundreds of pages of law were not deemed necessary to keep the feet of the people in the straight and narrow path that leads to salvation. The laws, though few, were to the point, and were not so liable as at the present time to be twisted by lawyers to suit the exigencies of any case that might arise. They are so plain that "he who runs may read." The laws of Virginia were almost identical with those of Connecticut. The following are the Connecticut laws:

The governor and magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power under God of this independent dominion.

From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

The governor is amenable to the voice of the people.

The governor shall not have a single vote in determining any question, except a casting vote, on which the assembly shall be equally divided.

If any person turn Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return on pain of death.

No Catholic priest shall abide in this dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return.

Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No one to cross a river, but with an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her children on the Sabbath or on fasting days.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by his oath.

No one shall buy or sell land without permission of the selectmen.

EVILS OF GOSSIP.—Can the evil wrought by gossip be estimated? We think not. A wise woman can scarcely say too little in company if the conversation trenches in the least on scandal. Many a social, noble-minded woman has been obliged to withdraw herself from a neighborhood intimacy which would have been pleasant otherwise because her remarks are returned by some idle talebearer, so perverted as to make her doubt the existence of genuine friendship, and accept loneliness for the sake of the safety it brought. You say we must talk "about something." Yes, and though that very fact we see a remedy for the evil, to so thoroughly interest ourselves in other and better things that we find no space to spare for our neighbor's affairs. Let us talk of our work, our homes, our house-plants, our books, our babies. Let us teach our eyes to see beauty everywhere, while we blind them by constant watchfulness to blemishes. Never under any circumstances, throw the first stone. Then if any erring neighbor goes down, you cannot blame yourself for assisting the downfall.

Thirty Reasons for the Abolishment of Alcoholic Drinks.

1. They deprive men of their reason for the time being.
2. They destroy men of the greatest intellectual strength.
3. They foster and encourage every species of immorality.
4. They bar the progress of civilization and religion.
5. They destroy the peace and happiness of tens of thousands of families.
6. They reduce many virtuous wives and children to poverty.
7. They cause many thousands of murders.
8. They prevent all reformation of character.
9. They render abortive the strongest resolutions.
10. The millions of property expended are lost.
11. They cause the majority of the cases of insanity.
12. They destroy both the body and the soul.
13. They burden sober people with millions for the support of paupers.
14. They cause immense expenditures to prevent crime.
15. They cost sober people immense sums in charity.
16. They burden the country with immense taxes.
17. Because moderate drinkers want the temptation removed.
18. Drunkards want the opportunity removed.
18. Sober people want the nuisance removed.
20. Tax payers want the burden removed.
21. The prohibition would save thousands now falling.
22. The sale exposes our families to destruction.
23. The sale exposes our persons to insult.
24. The sale upholds the vicious and idle at the expense of the industrious and virtuous.
25. The sale subjects the sober to great oppression.
26. It takes the sober man's earnings to support the drunkard.
27. It subjects numberless wives to untold sufferings.
28. It is contrary to the Bible.
20. It is contrary to common sense.
30. We have a right to rid ourselves of the burden.

A Barefooted Groom.

About twenty years ago a young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of the Cheat Mountains in West Virgina, made up his mind to be married.

"But you have not a penny," remonstrated his friends.

"I have my hands. A man was given hands—one to scratch for himself, the other for his wife," he said.

On the day of the wedding, Johnson appeared in a whole coat and trowsers, but bare-footed.

"This is hardly decent," said the clergyman. "I will lend you a pair of shoes."

"No," said Johnson, "when I can buy shoes I will wear them—not before."

And he stood up to be married without any thought of his feet.

The same sturdy conduct showed itself in his future course. What he had not money to pay for, he did without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money he saved he bought a couple of acres of timber land and a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground.

His sheep increased. As time flew by he bought more; then he sold off the cheaper kinds, and invested in Southdown and French Merino. His neighbors tried by turns raising cattle, horses, or gave their attention to experimental farming.

Johnson hving once found that sheep-raising in his district brought a handsome profit, stuck to it. He had that shrewdness in seeing the best way, and that dogged persistence in follwing it, which are the surest elements of success.

Stock-buyers from the Eastern markets found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fail—the end of which course is, the man who married bare-footed is now worth a large property.

The story is an absolutely true one, and may point a moral for the hordes of stout, able-bodied men who crowd the cities complaining that they must starve for want of work.

How He Deposed a Chief.

Governor McCook once caused the deposition of a Ute chief named Colorow, in the following manner:

During his administration, Colorow and a band of Utes came to a post town and camped on the outskirts. One day the chief sent word that he wanted a new tent. McCook despatched an agent to see what condition Colorow's tent was in; the report was that he did not need a new tent, and McCook accordingly refused. In the afternoon, while the Governor was in his office, Colorow came in half drunk, with a revolver in his hand, and going over where McCook was writing, sat down. The Governor took in the situation at a glance, but did not look up.

"McCook liar!" said Colorow.

The Governor went on writing.

"McCook damn liar!" repeated the chief.

Slill McCook continued writing.

"McCook G—damn liar!" said Colorow, reaching a climax.

Nevertheless McCook would not look at him.

By this time Colorow had concluded there was no fight in the Governor, and allowed the hand holding the revolver to drop to his side. The move was a bad one. In an instant McCook seized his wrist, knocked the weapon away from him, and catching the astonished savage by the neck, kicked him down stairs and out into the street, where a number of Utes were standing about.

With great tact, McCook pointed to the prostrate and humiliated form of Colorow, and turning to the Utes, said: "Colorow an old woman. Get a man for chief."

Then, turning on his heels, he walked up stairs. The next day the mortified Utes deposed Colorow.—*Colorado paper.*

Household Cares.

SOME PERTINENT SUGGESTIONS.

If the voto of women could be taken on the question of housekeeping, it would be a matter of great surprise to men to learn the result. The business as it is conducted at present would be voted out of existence, or, failing in that, the voice of the majority would be for boarding. Tho work of the household has increased greatly within a quarter of a century, and he servant of the period is not an improvement upon the typical one of the past. The luxuries which one by one have come to women, the multitudinous things that are required to make homes attractive, and the modern houses which have their mountainous stairs to weary weak backs, are all things which have combined to make housekeeping a drudgery. Time and strength are consumed while the routine work is being performed, and the intelligent minds of American women rebel constantly.

What can be done? Break up homes, and live in those modern caravansaries—hotels? Not so. The remedy lies in simplifying home life; in leaving out of houses the endless traps that are hard to keep clean, and harder still to make, and by putting in homes nothing too good for hard usage.

Women need to know so much that they do not know, and cannot while they worry and fret over lambrequins and pillow-shams, tidies and Hamburg berders on clothing, that it is discouraging to try to fight the matter at all. They are trying to do their best, working early and late, saving here and spending there, judiciously as they hope, yet never realizing any blessing for themselves or others. What is a nice parlor or a fine dinner to a visitor, if the hostess is a dull, worn out person? The guest who is bidden to enjoy such hospitality is cheated out of better company at home, and deserves an apology rather than offer thanks for such attentions as are extended.

Housewives do not emancipate themselves from the thralldom put upon them by a variety of conditions. In the first place, their homes are not adapted to housekeeping. Men, and not women, plan houses, and the sole idea in view in building them is to get the largest number on the smallest possible space. Then women, having inconveniences of this kind to start with, make every effort to overcome them by furnishings. Fashion has to be consulted in this latter matter, and upholstered articles that get soiled and fade out are bought when the family purse cannot afford it. Nice china or glass is purchased when ignorant or careless help will make quick work of it; and the company rooms are furnished as richly a possible, when in fact the social circle in which the family move is so limited that a sittingroom would answer every purpose.

If cheap carpets, and stone-ware, and plain clothing should be fashionable for all people, how soon the burdens would drop away from the shoulders of the majority of the housekeepers. How soon would the fault-finding and complaining cease, and the dull women become intelligent, interested members of the family circle. Suppose the pillow-cases have no shams; it would be all the better for the home-life of homes. Shams should be unknown in them any way, and real pillow-cases would give more satisfaction.

Then sound common sense should save women from wasting their time on ruffles and fallals that add nothing but wrinkles to all brows. Households, as they are now, seem to be run for the benefit of lookers-on, rather than the comfort of inmates, and the result is a generally dissatisfied army of housekeepers. It is not amazing that they are dissatisfied, for that argus appreciation of uncongenial work, and those who are **alive to the fact that their tasks hurt** them in a spiritual sense have one hope of saving themselves.

Simplify life; this is the way through which women may hope to rise to an estate wherein they will find themselves serene and patient, honest and true. It were worth all of life to live if the best half of humanity could be lifted out of drudgery of a domestic kind and placed where the home would be what the Divine Power designed it should be, a temple where

"Sin and evils cease,
And only rest and peace
Continually are found."

—*New York Weekly.*

The Deepest Well in the World.

The sinking of the deep artesian well near Buda Pesth, Hungary, was commenced as far back as 1868, and during its progress many interesting facts relating to geology and underground temperature were brought to light. The total depth is 3,200 feet, and the temperature of the water it yields is nearly 168 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of the mud brought up by the borer was taken every day, and was found to increase rapidly, in spite of the loss of heat during its ascent, down to a depth of 2,300 to 2,760 feet. Beyond this point the increase was not so marked. At a depth of 3,000 feet the temperature was 177 degrees Fahrenheit, giving an average increase of one for every twenty-three feet bored. Water first commenced to well up at a depth of 3,070 feet; here its temperature was 110 degrees Fahrenheit, and from this point onward it rapidly increased both in quantity and temperature. Thus, at 2,092 feet, the temperature had already risen to 150 degrees Fahrenheit, and the yield in twenty-four hours from 9,500 to 44,000 gallons. Finally, when the boring had reached 3,200 feet, at which point it was stopped, the temperature of the water, as it burst from the orifice of the tube, was 165 degrees Fahrenheit, and the volumetric yield 262,000 gallons in the twenty-four hours. The yield was afterwards reduced to 167,200 gallons on account of the bore being lined with wooden tubes, which reduced its diameter. The water obtained disengages carbolic acid in abundance, and also contains nitrogen and a little suphurated hydrogen, and eighty grains per gallon of fixed matters, chiefly sulphates and carbonates of potash, soda, lime, and magnesia.

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

From Washington to Knoxville.

Early in the morning on the 18th of April we were wending our way to the Baltimore and Potomac depot. At 7:10 we are on board, the signal is given, the train moves and soon the "City of Magnificent Distances" is out of sight. It is a most beautiful day. the air is balmy, the sky is blue and the sun never shone with brighter grandeur. We are bound for "Dixie." A friend who accompanies us to the depot fills our pockets with newspapers, but the scenery along the road is so charming that newspapers are soon forgotten and thrown aside and our face is at the window all the while. The farmer following his plow, the little lambs skipping upon hillsides, the green meadows, the blooming forest, towering mountains and the sweet songs of the merry birds of spring give us constant delight. On we travel, through valley and dale, through town and hamlet, and at two o'clock P. M. we arrive at the busy city of Lynchburg, Va. Rev. P. F. Morris meets us at the depot. We are persuaded to lay over here until 9:30 P. M. A few minutes' walk up the steep hills and we are at his house.

Rev. P. F. Morris is one of the old students of Howard University and was there in the days of Gen. O. O. Howard. He used to teach night school at the Lincoln Mission to help pay his way in school; but now how he has risen! He is now a married gentleman and lives in elegant style. His wife is a lady of grace and culture and a teacher in one of the public schools of Lynchburg. Rev. P. F. Morris is now pastor of one of the finest colored Baptist churches in the country.

After dinner I asked him to take me to his church. It is a magnificent edifice. It is eighty by one hundred. The steeple is one hundred and seventy-five feet high. The church has a slated roof, stained windows, a large gallery and an immense auditorium. The membership of the church is two thousand. This is the grandest colored church I ever stood in The furniture of the church is fine and very costly. The ends and railings of the seats are all walnut and cost six hundred dollars. The frescoing is tasty and beautiful. A cluster of beautiful chandeliers hangs down from the celling. They cost two hundred and seventy-five dollars. The church is nicely carpeted at a cost of five hundred dollars. The chairs on the platform are the finest I have ever seen. After I had seen all this I stood amazed and said, can it be that an humble student of Howard, who only twelve years ago was struggling so hard for an education, has risen to this? And I said to my old school mate, Philip what are you doing? and he answered, I am trying to accomplish just this one thing for the Master, and when this church is all paid for I shall be willing to go home. The church cost thirty thousand dollars and all of that is paid but seven thousand. Surely it will not be long before my friend will be willing to go home.

After I left the church he took me to call on Rev. Daniel Morris, who had just returned from Marion, Ala., to visit his family. He is another old student of Howard. He is looking very well and preaching seems to agree with him.

Then Rev. Mr. Morris took me to call on Mrs. Ruth Carr, formerly known in Washington circles as Miss Ruth Fisher. How glad we were to meet! We had but a short time to remain, but we talked about a great many things that used to transpire at Howard in days gone by. Mrs. Carr used to be famous for reciting "The Burial of Moses." She was an excellent scholar. Her friends and relatives will be glad to hear that she is living nicely in Lynchburg and looking better than she ever did, and that she is a great church worker. There were many other old students of Howard whom we desired to see, but they have changed their names and it is now time for us to take the train; so we bade Mrs. and Mr. Carr good night and again we are on board. In a few moments the city of Lynchburg is behind us. The next day, at 10:30 A. M., we arrived at the beautiful city of Knoxville, Tenn.

In our next we will tell you something about the most beautiful city on the Tennessee. S. P. SMITH.

Our Baltimore Letter.

The fruitage which slavery bequeathed this Nation was nothing less than a twin civilization,—the North developed freedom mingled with caste, a mongrel civilization. The South gave the country a freedom of slavery with all of its villiany, 1860 found these twins full grown—matured. Twenty-two years have passed and there are but poor hopes of blending yet. Northern idea—southern idea—Maryland—my Maryland idea, a man is not a man (if black) in a hotel. The Rev. J. Hudson Riddick at the Viaduct Hotel. Relay station, B. and O. R. R., was refused by the manager (Mr. Rearner) to be served in the dining rooms. Mr. Riddick laid the matter before Mr. Garret who has promised an investigation as the orders of the company are that all patrons of the road must be courteously and politely waited on and served in their hotels.

The concert of the Arion Club at the Monumental Gaurd armory was the event of the season.

The young ladies of the Japonica Circle gave a reception at Armory of the Baltimore Rifles on Wednesday last, the ladies were in full evening dress. Mr. Nelson Hawkins caterer, Prof. C. A. Johnson's orchestra rendered the music.

The Rev. L. M. Coppin, of Bethel, baptised at Ferry Bar on Sunday last three candiates.

There are quite a number of interesting games of base ball going on at Oriole Park between the home club and other visiting ones. There are from seven to eight thousand persons on the ground daily.

P. T. Barnum and his immense combination show was here Monday and Tuesday; between 25,000 and 30,000 persons visited the show on Monday alone. The line of parade was about a mile long. As night be expected Jumbo was the centre of attraction.

The city is thronged with the members of the Baltimore Conference en route via, Balto. & Ohio road to Hagerstown, where their conference is now in session.

Mr. Layton of your city paid our city a visit last week, in the interest of his troupe. We wish him every success.

DOUGLAS.

How We Are Kept Out.

To the Editor of THE ADVOCATE:

It has been said by some eminent people white and colored, that "no one should be elected to office or given any other special consideration on account of his color, and no one should be debarred for the same reason." This is very nice in theory on the face of it, but does it not work practically against the colored citizen? Few persons are appointed for simply their ability to fill the office; but generally for some of the following reasons. They have been of service to either the party direct, or some benefit to the party or parties desiring their appointment, or to represent a particular class of citizens who would feel that they had been recognized by such an appointment; they are disposed to be qualified to fill the position sought. Favoritism and friendship play a very important part in the minds of those who have offices to dispense. Base the bestowment of place and position alone on qualification, and the colored man would have little or no hope for an office. The white man who has rendered service to his party, though he may not be thoroughly qualified to fill it, can more easily obtain a position than a colored man can, who being much better fitted, claims it on that ground without having rendered service to the party, or some prominent member of it. The colored man may go from Department to Department seeking place, and be informed that "we know no citizen by his color," and still be denied on account of his color, whether he has rendered services or not. Our white friends have a faculty for claiming that whenever a colored man seeks a position he does so because of his color, and that a white man seeks place as a matter of course, and not on account of his color. All this gush about "color line" which has been indulged in so freely, especially in Washington, comes from the prejudiced white man who has the dispensing of the offices, and who catches at the sentiment that "no one should be given, or be debarred from an office on account of his color," therefore his newspapers eagerly grasp at any remark made by a colored man who is honestly advising his people not to set up for themselves in this country separately and distinctly from the white citizens. Assimilation, is no doubt the proper course to pursue; but have we not been trying it for twenty-odd years, and are we not trying it to-day? we are try to assimilate with a people who are in possession of the keys of the gates leading to the various avenues through which we must travel, and they call a halt at every step of our progress, and aspiration. If we could get away from our complexion, or if our complexion could get out of the sight of the whites, our rapid progress would soon pave the way for a cordial reception into the different avenues of thrift and industry. It will do us little good to forget the color of our skin, while the white man remembers it whenever he can use it to his own account. As it is, the colored man is, and always has been ready to forget his complexion, and join hands for the welfare of this country, while the white man; through his prejudice has steadily fought against it. Offices in the Departments, with few exceptions, and the various machine shops throughout the country have been and are still closed against us on account of color; but whenever we ask to have them open to us, those in power are not slow to tell us that we ought not to expect admission on the ground that we are colored. F. D., JR.

With the quick instinct of childhood, Charlie understood the look of disgust with which the young artist turned to him, saying kindly as he did so:

"You are waiting to take your father home, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied the child, whilst a flush of shame spread over his face.

OUR COLORED PHYSICIANS.

BY LE DUKE.

It is very surprising, and disagreeably so, to note the general indisposition, manifested on the part of colored people of this city, toward encouraging our colored physicians. We seem to look upon our colored physicians as something less than the average white physician. In the paucity of our justification, we look about for an excuse and meanly say that colored doctors are either too black or too white, too modest or too bold, too unsympathetic or too "soft," And sometimes we say, with open disregard for veracity, that our colored physicians are uniformly too ignorant to be trusted. And yet we prate and wrangle about equality as those having authority. Why, its sheer nonsense to entertain any of the above excuses. It is libelous, for it is a willful and oftimes malicious misrepresentation. Our physicians are head and shoulders above the average white physician. And for good reason. In the first place, they are generally well educated. This is a pre-requisite and a status which they have secured.

The objection to color is merely folly and the claim that our physicians are immodest or soft is "bosh." The fact is, that our doctors are throughly competent and *should* be patronized, and be it said to our shame, we are too narrow, too pliant to the cupidity of the whites, to foolishly obsequious, too grovelling and too ungenerous to offer to our doctors the benefit of experience, and confidence in the white man is so thoroughly incorporated into our making that we are prone to engage the professional (?) services of a white quack rather than those of an educated, refined and thoroughly competent colored physician. There is a white physician who does not hesitate to use profane language before his patients. No objection is made to him on that account. He is cold and unsympathetic. No complaint is made. He may be "soft," but that is a pleasing condescension. Were such a man colored, his very presence would be avoided as though he were a leper. Surely, we have not forgotten that we *must* prove our equality. And surely we do not expect the whites to be foremost in securing that fact for us. If we are to have eminent physicians, we must give them practice, experience. The progress of our physicians will have a double effect. While it places the doctor in a position where he can devote his time and energies to his profession it will at the same time elevate the race above the charge of inferiority. It is the scientist who drives the outposts of civilization and who gives evidence of the quality of a race. I will merely mention some of our physicians to show the readers what kind of mettle we have to encourage: Drs. A. T. Augusta, C. B. Purvis, S. LeCount Cook, F. J. Shadd, J. R. Francis, O. M. Atwood, James Howard, N. E. King, S. R. Watts and W. Crusor are the more prominent, while Doctors Sumby, Upshaw and a host of others might be mentioned. Certainly the people of Washington have cause to be proud of such men. And it is "Le Duke's" ardent hope that they may receive the encouragement and support they so justly deserve.

Kindergartens.

Speaking of the influence of charity kindergartens on children who have been utterly neglected at home, the New Education says: The first few days the kindergarten is like a menagerie of little wild beasts, tearing and pounding each other, talking profane and foul language, rebellion and selfishness—all vices being displayed in miniature. In a week's time order has dawned, for delightful occupations have chained attention; beautiful sights and sounds and lovely sentiments set to music have charmed eye and ear and heart; harmonious and dramatic plays have been organized; kind words and and caresses have awakened a new sense or enjoyment, and in less than a month it is a little orderly, docile and compliant company, in which all are agreeable to each other forming little friendships and making sacrifices. And yet there are many people who fear that there are practical difficulties in establishing public kindergartens in this country which hardly can be ovecome.

THE EVOLUTION OF ART.—It is somewhat amusing to glance back at the successive pursuits which have been dear to the art-loving ladies of the past fifty years. In the early days, when womankind awoke to the fact that art was possible to her, and shook off the thraldom of "samplers," she delighted in "Poonah painting." Next came the rage for filling glasses with variously colored sands, and the absurd mania for sticking little vignettes over china and glass, which rejoiced in half a score of long names, and still lingers in Germany as "Metachromatpyie." Then we had the fashion of obtaining the outlines of natural foliage by splashing India ink all around them, and leaving the image of a group of leaves on finger napkins and table tops. Then came actual art work, and from painting on fans and hand-screens, the young ladies of the present day have arrived at painting on china, and calling it "art pottery," which bids fair to become a drug in the market.

What is the first business of one who studies philosophy? To part with self-conceit. For it is impossible for any one to begin to learn what he thinks he already knows.

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Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

LAST week we had occasion to criticise an utterance of Prof. Greener made at Bethel Literary. This week we are compelled to say that he was most unjustly attacked Tuesday night, not for what was in his paper, but for personal reasons growing out of his individual opinions on a matter with which Bethel Literary, as such, has nothing whatever to do. We are not surprised at the action of Mr. Chase in throwing in the apple of discord, for it is in keeping with his mode of warfare and his action in bolstering up Dr. Stevenson last year; but we are surprised at Mr. M. M. Holland, who knows that there is "a time and place for everything under the sun." We do not call him in question for *his views*, but we do insist that he should not have abused his privilege by a line of argument that might have been perfectly legitimate at a ward meeting. Mr Holland should bear in mind that his example is worth something. He has been a school trustee, he has been named in connection with one of the highest offices in this District. He therefore can not afford to stand before this community in the light in which his action of last Tuesday night places him.

WE are surprised that Hon. Fred. Douglass should express surprise at opposition on the part of the colored press to the calling of a National Convention here. He knows that the Convention was so called after the committee having the matter in charge was made aware of the almost universal feeling against its coming here. If the Convention is to be a success in its direct, as well as its indirect results, so far as securing unity of effort among the colored people is concerned, the co-operation, rather than the opposition or indifference of the colored press, is indispensable. We do not think such representations as those made by Mr. Douglass in the *Star* interview are likely to promote the interests of the Convention in Washington.

THERE is no foundation for the statement that the funds of the Freedmen's Hospital have been misappropriated, under the management of Dr. Purvis. We took the trouble to ascertain facts concerning the matter and have learned that the manner in which the accounts of the Hospital are kept absolutely precludes any misappropriation by the officers of that institution. Every demand upon the funds of the institution must be made by requisition properly supported by vouchers carefully examined and recorded. The professional administration of the Hospital is of course *subject* to criticism; but we trust that no honest man will charge dishonesty or want of business capacity upon the institution without a thorough investigation and proper proofs.

THE summary dismissal of Perry Carson and Mr. Leonard by Marshall McMichael for the escape of a few prisoners who subsequently gave themselves up, has every appearance of a "put up" job. The very opposite may be true, but Mr. McMichael has not been as careful as to avoid the appearance of being prejudicial to the claims of colored men as he should be, and and this last action of his will strengthen the opinion held with respect to him, not only here, but by the colored voters in Philadelphia.

WE surrender much of our editorial space for clippings of the colored press on the proposed National Convention. We endeavor to make a fairly representative selection, not confining ourselves to those which in the main entertain the same views as ourselves. It will be seen that this is a matter which has occasioned no little attention, if not consideration and matured judgment. Moreover, we give these for what they are worth:

THE propriety of holding a National Convention of colored men to discuss live issues pertaining to the race, has received considerable attention by the colored press. We have yet to learn of opposition to the Convention, but there is considerable feeling manifested as to the place of meeting. It is claimed that the idea originated at Washington, D. C. Then let Washington have the credit of originating the call and share with some Southern city, for instance Raleigh, Columbia, Atlanta or Montgomery, by sending her representative men among us in the far South.—*Baptist Pioneer*, (Selma, Ark.)

We see in the last issue of the Nashville *Sentinel* an article on this subject. The writer very properly ignores Washington as the place of meeting. Aside from the influence that certain gentlemen in the different departments would exercise in the interest of faction, there is another objection, its locality—being so far removed from the bulk of the colored people of the country. We are certainly in favor of Nashville or Liitle Rock, Ark.; and, indeed, at the expense of being charged with being provincial, we would say the latter city, for the reason that it will be as easily reached, and Nashville has on several former occasions been honored with similar national gatherings. Let's all say little rock.—*Mansion* (Little Rock, Ark.)

THE call for the National Convention of colored men will be issued early next week and so far the idea has gained considerable ground and its success is a foregone conclusion. The only objection we have to the affair is to the place in which it is to be held. We do not desire to go to Washington and would prefer any other city than that; still we prefer Washington rather than no Convention. The reason why the Convention will meet with success is because the intelligent colored men of the country see the absolute necessity of a closer union and concert of action among themselves. South Carolina will send her quota of delegates and we mean that they should be representative men. No political wire-pullers who frustrated the other colored conference will be permitted to manipulate this.—*Palmetto Press, Charleston, S. C.*

The call issued by Hon. Frederick Douglass and others for a convention to meet in Washington in September has the right ring. The subjects to be discussed are of vital importance, not only to the colored race, but also to the Republican party. Now let the representative men of the several States heartily second the move, and send their best men (not necessarily politicians) who will give the subjects careful thought and study and it cannot fail of success. There may be some difference of opinion as to place, but we favor Washington, (D. C.) first, because it is the capital and second, because the delegates will have access to the National Library for all statistics and data, needed on all subjects. Missouri is entitled to six delegates.—*Kansas City Enterprise.*

WE confess that we can see no need for this convention, on any other ground than as a political advertisement of the feelings of the colored voters as reflected by their representatives as respect the pending Presidential campaign of 1884.

There is no longer a necessity tor informing the country that the Negro race has dozens of able men, well fitted to lead. If in fifteen years experience and association with the Negro in legislative bodies and in high civil positions of honor and trust the politicians that shape public sentiments have not found out the capacity of the Negro, no convention of colored men can do it.

Furthermore there are no grievances mentioned in their call of a magnitude sufficient to call for a redress. The colored people of the South, left to themselves, will learn in time the art and science of self-protection and employ those means within easy reach for ameliorating their condition.—*Gate City Press.*

THE "patent committee" has called the convention to meet in Washington. The boys have sent word for "you fellows down in the woods to come up here, we want to tell you what to do." We think we see through the whole thing. The meeting will be called to order and you will see the venerable old father turn it over to some of the other members of the patent committee. Then there will be two nights caucus and adjournment in order to find an available man for chairman. After this done, policies and plans will be discussed. The very center of Negro unity will be shaken, and in order that peace may once more reign, it will be found necessity to send out and have some big tycoon come in to give advice to the assembled literati of the Negro population. After his say, a telegram will be fixed up showing who is the "big nigger" and then the meeting will adjourn in order to give the poor devil that went from the marshes of Florida and Georgia an opportunity to rub his eyes and muse over the onerous duties he shall have performed for his constituency.—*Vindicator.*

So it is fixed that the forthcoming Convention shall be held in Washington, D. C., and on the 24th of September ensuing. It is arranged that the States shall send so many delegates, South Carolina twenty-five, and all told, 288. It is said that the call *directs* the holding of conventions in the several States, etc. Decidedly mandatory and quite Siberian in the quality of the temperature, as regards pre-arrangement. And, all this, in the face of the fact that a large portion of the colored Press of the South, where the race has its strength numerically and otherwise, is much opposed to so northernly a point. The reason is obvious. The Southern colored people desire the masses to see representative men of their race; to hear them talk and note what manner of men they are. Then again it is thought that their presence in Charleston, Atlanta or some other as eligibly located city, would have a beneficial effect on the whites, many of whom are yet to view a truly representative body of colored men discussing with dignified demeanor and wisdom, the interests of the race.—*New Era, Charleston, S. C.*

The Veaker Sex.

An English paper, whose editor is undoubtedly a married man, contains the following essay on women:

"I believe there is more pepper, more saltpeter, more tartar, more aqua fortis, and more pluck in woman nature than any other nature extant. All these, however, lie dormant in a thin sack, woven of modesty, timidity, coyness and gentleness. Once shake them up and you may look out for a blaze, accompanied by a peculiar kind of thunder.

Woman flesh is enought by some to be a confection, a composition of sugar and molasses, or some other saccharine matter. Grant that it is all sweetness; yet I would have you know that when the acid of anger, insult, or ill-nature comes in contact with it, such an effervescence occurs as one never saw exemplified in ginger pop, seidlitz powders or soda water.

Women, when put out of tune, are like summer storms. At first they are cloudy—make no noise, but their thinking machines are busy in motion. Then comes the thunder—ripping, tearing thunder! and the lightning that flashes from their eyes is enough to appal the stoutest of hearts. You fall back in wonderment, if not perfectly amazed. Unwilling to retreat further; and not having a chance or the courage to slip in a pitiful "boo!" you stand and take it like a hitched horse in a hail storm.

When the wrath of the feminine has nearly expired, you pluck up courage and are down on her with argument, reasoning and reprimand; but is all this going to make her turn tail? Not a bit of it. Having wasted her thunder and lightning, she begins to rain; she knows what effect that will have. With impetuous showers she drenches the furious fire that burns in your bosom, and adds a freshness to every bud and blossom of feeling.

Then you begin to give in—she begins to clear off—her sky grows brighter, she goes to the expense of a smile, her whole horizon, landscape and ladyscope, look charming, gay, and serene, and you can't help giving her a kiss, and acknowledging beat.

So you see, my friends, that the women are bound to get the better of us. In them you behold the wild cat, the lamb, and love. If they can accomplish nothing by letting loose their untamed feline propensities, they give the juvenile sheep a trial; and if that fails they try the loving dove. With one or the other they are sure to effect their purpose.

They are called the weaker sex; but with what propriety it is hard for me to imagine, for I know that many of them are strong enough to lift a barrel of beer and drink out of the tap. They can draw like horses. They draw us to church—draw us to the theatre—draw us from our business—draw us into trouble—draw us to—well anywhere.

Eminent Shoemakers.

Perhaps it was Coleridge who first remarked upon the great number of shoemakers that have become eminent in various walks of life; and certain it is that magazines and newspapers have found in men who sprang from this employment to higher things many subjects for interesting sketches, obituary notices and special articles.

There was a man some year ago in Portland—probably a shoemaker, but at all events too modest to give his name—who published a book which he called "Eminent Shoemakers," and the news that John Mackintosh, a shoemaker of Aberdeen, has written two volumes of a "History of Civilization in Scotland" will give interest to some of the celebrated names which the Portland shoemaker succeeded in bringing together.

William Gifford, the founder, and long the editor of the London *Quarterly Review*, and than whom probably no shoemaker ever had "one sutor" thrown at him more often or with better effect, toiled, we are informed, six long years at the trade which he said himself he "hated with a perfect hatred." George Fox, whom, by the way, Carlyle has celebrated as one of the noblest men in England, "making himself a suit of leather," divided his time between making shoes and caring for sheep until he began to preach those sermons of his, and to do that Christian work which finally gave unto the world the first organization of the Society of Quakers. Robert Bloomfield, the poet, made shoes, and of him, it was once said that he was the most "spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl." Hans Sachs, the friend of Luther, who wrote five folio volumes in verse that are printed, and five others that are not, was a most diligent maker of shoes in quaint old Nuremburg, and, for all he wrote, never made a shoe the less, he said, and virtually reared a large family by the labor of his hands, independent of his poetry.

Among others, this author mentions no less a name than Noah Worcester; Roger Sherman, too, is on the list, and Thomas Holcroft. Others might be—Henry Wilson one of them. Indeed, it should not be forgotten that the father of John Adams, our second President and the father of our sixth, made many a shoe in his day during the leisure which his farm life gave him.

CURE FOR SMALL-POX.—The following cure for this loathsome disease was furnished the Liverpool *Mercury* by a well known English physician:

"I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man if the worst case of small-pox cannot be cured in three days simply by cream of tartar. This is the sure and never failing remedy: One ounce of cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of boiling water. Drink when cold at short intervals. It can be taken at any time, and is a preventive as well as a curative. It is known to have cured thousands of cases without a failure. It never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and always prevents tedious hoguing."

Ferocious Courage of the Afghan.

A correspondent of the Calcutta *Pioneer* contributes to that paper some "Reminiscences of the War in Afghanistan." Referring to the fighting qualities of the Afghan soldiery, he says: "An Afghan never thinks of asking for quarter, but fights with the ferocity of a tiger and clings to life until his eyes glaze and his hands refuse to pull a pistol-trigger or use a knife in a dying effort to maim or kill his enemy. The stern realities of war were more pronounced on the battle-fields in Afghanistan than perhaps they have ever been in India, if we except the retributive days of the mutiny. To spare a wounded man for a minute was probably to cause the death of the next soldier who unsuspiciously walked past him. One thing our men certainly learned in Afghanistan, and that was to keep their wits about them when pursuing an enemy or passing over a hard-won field. There might be danger lurking in each seemingly inanimate form studding the ground, and unless care and caution were exercised the wounded Afghan would steep his soul in bliss by killing a Kaffir just when life was at its last ebb. This stubborn love of fighting *in extremis* is prompted doubtless by fanaticism, and we saw so much of it that our men at close quarters always drove their bayonets well home, so that there should be no mistake as to the deadliness of the wound. The physical courage which distinguished the untrained mobs who fought so resolutely against us was worthy of all admiration; the tenacity with which men, badly armed and lacking skilled leaders, clung to their positions was remarkable, to say nothing of the sullen doggedness they often showed when retiring. But when the tide of the fight set in fully against them and they saw that further resistance would involve them more deeply, there was so sudden a change always apparent that one could scarcely believe the fugitives hurrying over the hills were the same men who had resisted so desperately but a few minutes before. They acted wisely; they knew their powers in scaling steep hills, or in making their escape by fleetness of foot; and the host generally dissolved with a rapidity which no one but an eye-witness can appreciate. If cavalry overtook them, they turned like wolves and fought with desperation, selling their lives as dearly as men ever sold them; but there was no rally in the true sense of the word, and but faint attempts at aiding each other. Their regular troops were but little amenable to discipline by reason of deficient training, and they resorted to the tactics they had pursued as tribesmen, when once they were forced to retire."

Night Life of Young Men.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day empty. Night is sin's harvesting time. More sin and crime are committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers, with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloon and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay company begins to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling places are ablaze with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness, hope, out of thousands of lives.

The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundred fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses make us start back with horror. All night tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems] to me an appropriate text would be, "Watchman, what of the night?" Policeman, pacing the beat, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do they come out? Policeman, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning papers the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the streets for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business, some would not return home at night, some would leave the city, some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the All-seing eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.

Power of Example.

Example is power. It is alike so in the circles of wealth and and refinement and in the haunts of poverty and ignorance. It tells everywhere, and makes its mark for good or evil all over the world of men and thought. All history is but a reiteration of the power of example—power to bless and refine, or to blight and ruin humanity. Unless its teachings impress us with the truth, we are indeed poor students of human history. One has well said that "History is philosophy teaching by example."

Example is power of good. Every man has influence, more or less, in his sphere of life, and that influence, in the very nature of the case, must tell on his fellows. If he be a good man, his example must and will do good. It cannot be otherwise. A pure and virtuous life, like the sun in the heavens, must shine and bless, brighten and warm in the moral world. So it has ever been, and so it ever will be. Truth and purity, like so many gems in the life and example of the good man, cannot but shame and condemn error and vice in others.

A fault doth never with remorse
On mind so deeply move
As when another's guiltless life
Our error doth reprove.

Example is also a power for evil. There is no estimating the extent of a bad man's influence in the world; its moral reach is indeed fearful. "One sinner destroyeth much good," is the testimony of the wise man, as well as the practical teaching of all experience. An instrument of incalculable harm in any community is the man who arrays his life and example against virtue and religion, and yet thousands of our fellow beings seem only to live that they may blight humanity with the influence of their wicked lives and evil example. Their work in the world is that of destruction, for they literally "destroy much good."

Cicero gave his followers the best of counsel when he said to them: "Be a pattern to others, then all will go well; for as a whole city is infected by the licentious passions and vices of men, so is it likewise reformed by their moderation."

How to Succeed.

The first requisite to success is not to undertake an unwise and impracticable thing. For this reason the advice often inculcated by wise and great men has been to give much time and reflection to the formation of plans. Be slow to decide; but, having resolved, be prompt to act.

It is not sufficient, by any means, to be prompt in beginning to act. This is easy to every one. It is the continued, persevering, unflagging activity which, alone, accomplishes great results.

The temptations which beset one's steps at every stage to deliver his attention from the main pursuit he has fixed on are almost innumerable, and to the irresolute and weak they are found irresistible. This accounts for numerous failures.

If a man has not attained to what he started for it will almost always be found that he has been attending to something else. The song of the bird by the wayside fell upon his ear and charmed his eye, and he lingered when his pace should have been onward and firm and quick.

If you would insure success in your undertaking, whatever it may be, let nothing divert your attention from it. Leave nothing undone, no matter how seemingly little and unimportant it may be, which is calculated to promote its accomplishment. There is no other way to make success certain. It is not luck. It depends on doing *doing*, DOING.

Yet simple as the lesson of success is—few as are its requisites—there is nothing that people are slower to learn.

Carolina's Sweet Sixteen.

A curious petition was that addressed in 1733 to the governor of South Carolina by sixteen maidens of Charleston. It ran thus: "The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten. Whereas, we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, consideriug how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows, and our own youthful charms thereby neglected; in consequence of this, our request is that your excelleney will for the future order that no widows presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for; or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties, and likewise a fine to be levied on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows.

The great disadvantage it is to us maids is that the widows, by their forward carriage, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merits beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us, who ought to have preference. This is humbly recommended to your excellency's consideration, and hope you will permit no further insults. And we poor maids, in duty bound, will ever pray." The forlorn sixteen would have approved the edict of the Portuguese king, which forbade widows more than fifty years old from remarrying, on the ground that experience taught that widows of that age commonly wedded young men of no property, who dissipated the fortunes such marriages brought them, to the prejudice of children and other relatives.

Elimination.

Our bodies are in a state of incessant waste and repair. At countless millions of points old material is being used up, and instantly replaced by new material, that is as instantly cast aside.

For this reason it is true not only that one's body is wholly changed every year, but that it is not the same at two successive moments. Hence the importance of eliminating organs, to drain off this dead matter.

Arterial blood furnishes all the new material, while the old is carried away in the veins, from which, it having been eliminated, the residue returns to the heart purified for further use.

The eliminating organs are lungs, liver, kidneys and skin. The lungs eliminate carbonic acid, the most abundant of all the waste; the liver, cholestrine—waste of the brain and nerves; the kidneys, the waste of the muscles; the skin, more or less of the carbon, but especially the salts of the system.

If any eliminating organ is inactive or diseased, so as to render it unable to perform its office properly, the effete matter is left in the blood, to accumulate in the circulation, except that some one or more of the other eliminating organs come to the help of the former.

The skin often does so much of this vicarious work that a single glance at the diseased man's face will sometimes enable the physician to know what eliminating organ is diseased or torpid.

The Great Problem.

When we calmly ponder upon the subject it is amazing that at the end of many thousands of years of constant worship and constant inquiry, the human race should still possess so little information about its Maker. The soliloquy of Job that the footprints of God are in the sea, and are therefore easily erased and not to be followed by man as they could be were they made in the land or even in the perishable snow, is the soliloquy of even this far off period, and hearts the most devout often wish that the footprints of the Heavenly Father were made where the eye, even when blinded by tears, might discover them and run along that bright way with gladness. Books have appeared upon the "Footprints of a Creator," and yet after all such books have been published and read, the mind falls back again into its old longing for some more perfect evidence of the existence and presence and sympathy of God. The fact that our race has lived and inquired and struggle so long over the perfect solution of this problem, and stands to-day in the same cloud as that which lay around the mind and soul of antiquity, may well lead us to assume that there is something so unmeasurable in the Being of God that the human mind will always be kept away from a perfect solution of this mystery.—David Swing.

An Old Maid's Consolation.

The writer rallied a young lady friend some time ago, and chaffed her upon being an "old maid." She replied: I am now past thirty: I have a good name. I have been bridesmaid a score of times. I ask myself with which one of the beautiful girls that I have seen take the marriage vow would I exchange lots to-day? Not one. Some are living apart from their husbands; some are divorced; some are now the wives of drunken men; some are hanging upon the ragged edge of society, endeavoring to keep up appearances; some are toiling to educate and support their children, and these are the least miserable; some tread the narrow line beyond the boundary of which lies the mysterious land, and some have gone out into its darkness and unknown horrors, and some are dead. A few there are who are loved and honored wives and mothers, with happy homes; but, alas! only a very few.—*The Parisian.*

Telling the Boys.

When you get two or three old fellows of sixty together, they are fond of telling stories about the pranks they played in their youthful days and laughing proudly over their misdeeds. But this is not always a safe thing to do. Old Judge Bees indulged in this recreation the other night, in the presence of his son, aged fourteen. The old man told a quantity of tricks he had played upon his father, and chuckled gleefully over them. It roused young Bees' ambition; and the next night, when the judge went home, he had an awful time of it. There was a pail of water suspended over the front door that tipped as he opened the door and deluged him. He was both surprised and annoyed at that, and walked into the entry with oaths upon his lips, and immediately his feet caught a cord tied across the hall from the banisters to the hat rack, and it tripped him up and pulled the hat rack over on top of him. He was skinned in several places, and by the time he disentangled himself was awful mad. He started up stairs, and part way up, a cord stretched at the right height caught him suddenly under the chin and threw him backwards down the stairs. Then he started to crawl up stairs, and part way up discovered a rope lying on the stairs and coming from the top. He pulled it and hauled a barrel down upon himself that bounced him down stairs again. He was nearly delirious with rage as he rose to his feet that time, and utterly unable to understand the cause of all these contrivances being in his way. Once more he assayed to go up, and that time succeeded. On reaching the head of the stairs, he thought he heard a snicker, and investigation showed his son peeping from his chamber and laughing. On being taxed by the judge with fixing the traps, the boy owned up. "What in the name of Heaven have I done that made you do it?" yelled the judge aghast at the boy's wickedness and coolness. "Why, I heard you say you played these pranks on your father." "Yes, and he licked me like blazes for it, just as I'll lick you," roared the infuriated judge. "You didn't say anything about being licked when you told the stories," cried the now frightened boy. This was a strong argument, but the judge wasn't in a frame of mind to appreciate it. The boy's yells were heard in the next ward, and he has resolved, as soon as his raw spots get well, to run away to some place where they'll tell him the whole facts of a case. And the judge thinks he has learned to be careful what he says before that boy.

The Farmer in the Garden.

There are but few farmers who will *condescend* to work in their gardens; it is to them beneath their dignity. "O! the women attend to that; I've something else to attend to." Yet the foundation of good farming is sooner and better learned there than on the farm itself. Fine tilth, heavy manuring, close and prompt weeding, adaptation of the laber to the demands of each vegetable is but the commonest of garden work; but no farmer ever thinks that these little things (apparently) are all that not only makes a garden, but the farm also.

Every one upon hearing of any unusual occurrence is at once eager for the particulars—the little points which went to make up the whole affair—in fact, the gist of the matter. Now, too many farmers do their work upon a grand scale—the little minutes are left out; why not leave out the raisins, the sugar, the spice and the wine from the mince pies? Why not slap together raw meat, coarse flour, a little *grease* and pass off the compound for a Christmas dainty? The small matters so much neglected among farmers are the principal causes of failure.

It is a good rule that when you have finished a piece of work you should go over it once more for luck, it is the last time with the harrow, the hoe, the spade or the manure-spreader which gives the artistic, scientific finishing touch to a job of work; and it is like Peter Henderson's fifty-first load of manure per acre—*that's* the one that trebles the crops.

Gardening stamps this upon a farmer's mind.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

Old Age.

The brain in old persons, at the age of of 70, diminishes both in bulk and density, and thus becomes lighter. Its capacity for continuous hard work is thereby lessened as really as is that of the body for muscular labor.

As an old man, however, has the accumulated knowledge, skill and practical experience of almost a lifetime, and that wonderful facility which comes of habit, he may, with good health and care, do much of his best work in the neighborhood, say, of 80.

He cannot bear mental strain, and he must not attempt mental "spurts," but he can still show himself a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Since, however, the brain is not so firmly supported by the skull, and is slighter in texture, the blood vessels are more easily dilated or ruptured. The danger of paralysis and apoplexy is still further increased, because the blood vessels become in old age more or less ossified and brittle, and thus unable to sustain a sudden rush of blood.

The aged should carefully abstain from every form of violent action, and, indeed from every violent emotion. The full term of toil, whether in rearing and supporting children or in the service of the public earns a right to what is the normal physiological condition of age—freedom from all that annoys, perplexes, harasses, excites and burdens.—*Youth's Companion.*

Fill Out the Blanks.

To lose by one's own ignorance or carelessness is more mortifying than to lose by another's dishonesty. It is certainly aggravating enough to lose by both. To illustrate how little the law will help a person who does not know how to do business, and to show the importance of small details, a New York Journal cites an actual case:

"A man drew a note promising to pay one hundred dollars. He used a printed form, and did not close up the blank devoted to dollars, and after passing it as negotiable paper, somebody inserted 'and fifty' after the one hundred, and before the printed dollars.

The note, thus altered, got into the hands of an innocent party, who presented it to the drawer, and the Supreme Court decided the maker of the note was liable for its face, because through negligence he did not draw a line between the word 'hundred,' and the printed word 'dollars.'

Any testimony that the drawer might offer to establish the fact that he gave the note for one hundred dollars, must go for nothing, as there was nothing on the face of the note showing that it had been altered.

Evidence of any alteration on the face of the note, would have changed the case. Let this be a lesson to all drawers of promissory notes. No one can be too careful in such matters."

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

AGENTS.

Cochran, Ga. . . . Richard Townsend.
Baltimore.....
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

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LOCAL.

—Rev. F. L. Cardoza will preach tomorrow morning at Bethel Hall.

—The people should in mass meeting express their indignation over the Perry Carson and Leonard dismissal.

—Rev. R. M. Cheeks left for his new appointment at Wytheville, Va., last Thursday.

—Al members of Company B Capital City Guard, are ordered to be at the Armory at 8 P. M. Monday 14th, in fatigue uniform for street drill.

—The Bethlehem Baptist Sunday School will give a May entertainment on the 18th instant next Friday evening at Douglass Hall. Mr. J. C Nalle will assist in the musical exercises.

—The congregation of Rev. Johnson entered the basement of their new church last Sunday. A very large collection, amounting to $——— was realized.

—The Girls Guild of St. Luke's P. E. Church gave a very successful sociable last Tuesday evening at the residence of Dr. Crummell, 1522 O street, N. W.

—J. F. Carle speaks at Bethel Literary next Tuesday evening on Tact and Talent and Miss Syphax gives an essay on Self Made Women.

—Rev. J. M. Cargill, pastor of Ebenezer A. M. E. Church was presented with a handsome copy of Shakespeare last Monday evening by the Golden Rule Club of West Washington. Rev. A. W. Upshaw made the speech.

—The Washington City Cadets will be happy to meet their many friends at their military and May reception at Willard H ll next Wednesday evening the 16th instant. Music by a section of the Marine Band. Admission 50 cents.

—The Pearce street Sunday School will hold an out door meeting for the benefit of the Mission cause on June 3rd, on Pearce street between North Capital and 1st N. W. All Sunday School workers and friends are invited. Speakers for the day: Mr. J. Greene, Mr. E. Akerson, Mr. S. G. Brown and others. See further notice.

—Mr. Jacob Strather is not idle with his pencil as Dr. Augusta remarked in his recent lecture. Mr. S. is pursuing studies in crayon drawing, and there is no doubt that with proper instruction he will develope into an artist of whom we need not to be ashamed.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Shorter gave a reception Friday evening last week in honor of Miss Maggie Wilson of the Fisk Jubilee Singers. Besides the teachers and officers of Bethel Sunday School, Misses Mattie Lawrence, Minnie Tate and Georgie Gordan, Messrs. F. G. Loudin and B. W. Thomas of the troupe were in attendance.

—Mr. Pynn for several years has made Hebner's ice cream, which has such a fine reputation. He has now gone into business for himself in the firm of Pynn, White & Co., and can not only to accommodate those who choose to patronize his establishment, but to furnish ice cream saloons throughout the city with a very superior article. Our idea of "Race Development" is for all the churches, societies, &c, intending to give pic-nics, ice cream saloons kept by colored parties to send in their orders to this firm. Last season Heflebower on 11th street is said to have cleared over $1,000 on his colored trade alone. Why not give this to these gentlemen, who furnish as good cream as can be obtained in the city?

—Prof. Greener gave a scholarly and philosophical paper on "Race Development" at Bethel Tuesday night Those who participated in the discussion were W. C. Chase, A. St. A. Smith, Scott Woods, E. J. Waring and M. M. Holland. The latter got the floor at 10 o'clock and made a bitter personal speech, during which the excitement was so great as to break up the meeting. The provocation was an interview in the *Post* in which Prof. Greener opposed the convention and reflected on the motives of those who called it. A recitation from the Lime Kiln Club by Prof. G , also occasioned much indignation.

—The Golden Wreath Club will give entertainment at Lincoln Mission Hall day evening the 21st inst. Capital Guard will be out in full uniform. Admission, fifteen cents. A gold watch will be awarded to the gentleman or lady selling the greatest number of tickets, to the one selling the next highest, a rose tea set, consisting of fifty 3t.

The 43d Anniversary of Zion Wesley Sunday School.

The 43rd Anniversary of Zion Wesley Sunday School, which was organized April 12, 1840, was held last Sunday afternoon. Delegations from Israel, Zion and Virginia ave schools were present, and the latter assisted in furnishing the music. After a scriptural reading by Supt., J. D. Baltimore, the pastor Rev. J. H. Daniels opened with prayer after another song "Happy Welcome to all," Supt then read his address which was very appropriate to the occasion. The Secretary, Mr. Jerry M. Adams. read his report which was full of statistical information. During the year there were 28 conversions and 4 deaths; one of them the late William Moore, one of the founder of the school. There was an enrolment of 190 scholars with an average attendance of 95. 48 pupils were admitted during the year. The school numbered 15 officers and teachers.

The receipts were as follows: $39,22 from collections $30,02 from entertainments, $35 from the Golden Circle Working Club, $9,34 from a lecture by Prof. J. D. Baltimore—a total of $113.58.

Expenditures—$32 for library, $21 for music books, $32 for the organist, $15,75 for several small amounts for sundry purposes making the total $125,141.

The following are the officers of the school: J. D. Baltimore, Superintendent; Wm. M. Green, Asst.; Jerry M. Adams, Secretary; Richard Tyler, Treasurer. Miss Mamie Fields, Librarian; Wm. Scott, Chorister; Mrs. Mamie Adams Organist.

After this report Mr. Doug ass was introduced The vene able orator appeared and begged to be excused until at a latter stage when he would be better able to judge of the work which the school was doing. Then followed the regular programme—an essay entitled "Is the expectation of reward a greater incentive to exertion than the fear of punishment" by Miss A. L. Hamer, a complimentary address by Mr. Henry Johnson, trustee of public school, an essay "Past. Present and Future" by Miss C. I. Davis, an address by Mr. R. J. Smith, an essay entitled Morality by Miss L. A. Hamer. Mr. Douglass hereupon took the floor and said he felt deeply moved, for his first religious impression, were received fifty three years ago in the Strawbridge Alley meeting house while listening to the singing of Jacob Hamer, the grandfather of the organist and two of the essayists. He complimented the essay entitled "Morality," alluded in graphic terms to the parable of the Good Samaritan, paid an eloquent tribute to Christianity and then made a comparison between the priest and the Levite and the attitude of the American church on the slavery question in contrast with that of Wm. Lloyd Garrison whom the church denounced. the practice of the latter was worth more than the hypocritical professions of the former.

Wm. C. Costin was the next speaker. He congratulated the school and spoke of the present as "hours of building." After further remarks by Mr. Dodson, the exercises were brought to a close, Rev. G. W. Usher pronouncing the benediction.

Men Who Dig Their Graves With Their Teeth.

A glutton is in many regards a monster, and, if possible, more repulsive than a drunkard. The glutton develops in his habits more of the animal than the man who drinks excessively, and may be said to dig his grave with his teeth. A glutton is as devoid of reason as animals of the lower order. In sight of food he disregards all laws relating to health; his voracity obscures his judgment, and he falls a victim to his inordinate and unrestrained appetite.

It is said that "a horse finding himself loose in his stable at night will seek out the meal barrel or bin—provided he belongs to an owner of the shiftless order, who leaves such things accessible—and gorge himself to death, and this will occur without reference to the quality of the animal, whether he be aristocratic 'blood' or the meanest scrub. A herd of fine stock, being driven to pasture when the surfaces are covered with the earliest grass in its season, must be cared for by the watchful herdsman and driven from their banquet long before it is finished to their satisfaction, or a few hours of time will witness the death agonies of the flower of the family, resulting from nothing but gluttony pure and simple.

Intelligent physicians say, and have always said, that the greater number of cases of midnight attacks of sickness, as well as the sudden deaths occurring between 'sun and sun,' and which seem so mysterious, are the result solely of imprudence and folly in eating and drinking during the hours of the day." Dr. Tanner's fast has shown men that by the exercise of the will total abstinence from food is possible for many days, and it teaches all that it is well for men not to live by "bread alone." In discussing abstemiousness as a cure-all, Dr. Perry, of Boston, is of the opinion that if a person would find out just what his system craves, and what his digestive organs can deal with profitably and successfully, and

Fashionable Calls.

(Callers seated in the parlors of an uptown mansion.)

"I've heard she gave $300 for that group. I'd just as soon have a chromo, would you?"

"H-u-s-h!"

"And just look at that center table—looks like a fancy fair, for all the world; one would think———"

"H-u-s-h, she's coming."

(Enter lady of the house.)

"Oh, you dear, darling creatures! What an age since I've seen you. Where have you been? Enjoying the holidays, no doubt. I'm so glad to see you both!"

(Together:) "And we are so glad to see you! How perfectly sweet you do look! What have you been doing to yourself? Oh, it's that lovely new dress! so becoming! but then you look well in every thing!"

"Oh! oh! Who's got a new sealskin cloak? Dear Mrs. Smith, I just envy you; it's a b-e-a-u-ti-ful thing!"

Mrs. Smith; "Well, it ought to be; James gave $425 for it."

"Yes! but that's nothing for Colonel Smith, you know! How is he? I do admire the colonel so much! But then he never looks at any one but you."

"Oh, yes! make me believe that! He is a regular old flirt! But I can easily forgive him for everything since he's got me this cloak. Well, we really must go—ever so many more calls to make. Now, return this soon; there's a darling. By-by, sweetness."

(Lady of the house to next caller:)

"Yes, that Mrs. Colonel Smith and her sister—what a dowdy that sister is!—did call here, and, do you believe, she had the impudence to tell me—me—that her husband gave $425 for that shabby old sealskin, as if I didn't know exactly what it was worth! He'd much better pay his debts," etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

Miscellaneous Recipes.

Tea Cake.—One cup of sour cream, one cup of sugar, two eggs, two cups (full) of flour, teaspoonful of soda.

Fried Oysters.—Dip each oyster in beaten egg, then in rolled crackers or corn meal and fry quickly in hot butter or lard.

Puffs.—Two eggs, two cups of milk, two cups of flour and a little salt. Pour into hot roll pans, and bake in a quick oven. Fill the pans about half full.

Cocoanut Cookies.—Two cups sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of milk, one cocoanut and flour enough to roll.

French Loaf Cake.—Two cups sugar, half cup of butter, half cup of sweet milk, teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar, three eggs, three cups flour; flavor with lemon.

Lemon Flap-Jacks.—One pint of milk, four eggs, juice of one lemon, flour to make a light batter, pinch of soda. Fry in hot lard. Serve with sugar and nutmeg.

Fried Milk Toast.—Dip slices of bread in milk, wetting both sides; have some butter in a hot frying pan and fry the bread a delicate brown. Will relish for tea.

Puff Cake.—Two cups sugar, three eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, three cups flour. Bake in a quick oven.

Potato Puffs.—Two cups of cold, mashed potatoes; stir into this one tablespoonful of melted butter, two well-beaten eggs, and one cup of milk or cream. Pour into a deep dish and bake in a quick oven.

Cider Cake.—One cup of sugar, half cup of butter, one egg well beaten, one large cup of cider, one teaspoonful of soda, flour sufficient to make it as thick as pound cake. One cup of raisins can be added if desired.

Cream Cookies.—Two cups sugar, two eggs, one cup of cream, one cup butter, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful lemon extract or one-half a nutmeg, grated: flour enough to make a dough as soft as it can be rolled. Delicious.

Layer Cream Cake.—Three eggs, one cup white sugar, four tablespoonfuls cold water, one teaspoon of cream, two spoonfuls of baking powder, half cup flour; for the cream, half cup of cream beaten to a stiff froth; add a little sugar; flavor to taste.

Washington Cake.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, one and a half cups of flour, one small teaspoonful of saleratus, same quantity of cream of tartar. This will make three cakes. I use half butter and half lard.

Flies and Bugs

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats mice, gopher chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats. 15c.

How He Shocked His Dear Old Grandmother in Reading a Recipe.

Old Mrs. Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's recipe for making watermelon pickle the other day, and, being hard of hearing, as she couldn't see to read very well, she got her grandson Jakie to read it for her. Jakie took the paper like a dutiful child, and, holding it upside down, commenced:

"Take a green watermelon—"

"Why, Jakie, ain't you mistaken? I thought the melon must be ripe."

"Oh, what's the matter wid yew! Gew ever see a watermelon that wusn't green?"

"Cut the watermelon into four halves—'

"But there ain't only two halves to anything, I don't believe you are reading that, Jakie."

"Well, I don't have to; anyhow that's what the resect says. Then soak it in a pint cup—"

"Oh, dear me! How in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint cup?"

"Well, I ain't here to tell the whereases and the howfores. I'm just reading the facts and you can put in the filosofee to suit your taste. After soakin' the melon put in a skillet and fry it fur five days."

"I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent me such a recipe as that?" said the old lady; but Jakie kept on:

"Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care to not spill the vinegar—"

"I'd just like to how you can pour a gallon into a quart bowl without spilling any of it;" but Jakie continued:

"Then sift a peck of red pepper through a milk strainer over the melon, and to one cup of butter and the white and yolks and shells of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid them, and four sticks of cinnamon drops and two tablespoonfuls of quinine and run it through a coffee-mill and let it stand till it ferments, and then put it in a tin can and tie the can to a dog's tail—this will stir it up to the right consistency—and then you can turn it off in crocks and have it ready for use. Serve it cold and spread it on mince pie and it makes a capital dessert," and Jakie slid out of doors and left the old lady looking like a wrinkle on a monument.—*Free Press.*

Well's "Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure, Corns, warts, bunions.

A CAT STORY.—A man now living in Kingston emigrated to the West many years ago, and bought a house which had stood unoccupied for considerable time. The first night he heard sounds that convinced him that there were rats in the cellar and on investigating he found that hundreds of the creatures were disporting themselves there. Having eaten a quarter of beef down to the bone, they were playing tag among the shelves. He offered to introduce the family cat, but she declined to be presented. The next day she was missing, until the family thought they had lost her; but on the fourth day a familiar "meow" was heard, and there was tabby at the head of a column of three dozen cats in light marching order, their backs up and their tails rampart. The front door was opened and the detatchment moved down the cellar stairs in good order. The next morning a flour barrel full of dead rats was buried behind the house, and the cats returned to their homes.

ADJOURNED MASS CONVENTION
of the
COLORED SUNDAY SCHOOLS
of this District to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, 3 P. M., at
ASBURY M. E. CHURCH.

Revs. Dr. Rankin, Crummell and Huntley will address the Convention on questions of vital importance to the schools.

All the schools of the District are invited to be represented by delegates or otherwise.

R. J. SMITH,
Chairman of Committee.

PICNIC.—FIRST OF THE SEASON.

VAN NESS' GARDENS,

Wednesday May, 30, 1883.

DECORATION DAY!

THE WASHINGTON CADET CORPS

take this method to extend to their kind friends and patrons, as well as the generous general public, an earnest and a cordial invitation to attend their

FIRST PIC-NIC OF THE SEASON,

at these beautiful gardens on the above date.

Neither expense, labor nor attention will be spared, so far as forethought may supply, to conduce to the enjoyment of our friends who may patronize us on this occasion.

Special invitations have been extended to the several

MILITIA ORGANIZATIONS

of the District of Columbia to attend after the parade, as escort to the

GRAND ARMY OF THE RELUBLIC

to the Aqueduct Bridge, Georgetown.

Gates open from 12 o'clock Noon, to 12 o'clock Midnight.

ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS.

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Dancing begings at 2 o'clock, P. M. Come "Early and Often."

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MUSIC BY PROF. COLE'S STRING BAND.
Grounds open at 1 o'clock, P. M., and close at 12 M.
ADMISSION, - 25 CENTS.
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Alto—Miss J. Miner, Miss M. F. Greene.
Tenor—Mr. C. H. Newton, Mr. L. Gunnell.
Basso—Mr. Robert Plummer, Mr. L. G. Williams.
Mr. Lewis Hickman, Pianist,
Mr. C. H. Newton, Director.
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The Cocoanut Tree.

ITS REMARKABLE ADAPTABILITY TO HUMAN REQUIREMENTS.

The cocoanut palm is chiefly confined to the sea-board regions of the tropics, and is rarely found far in the interior, although we remember of having seen several very flourishing trees about the town of Santarim, Brazil, at a distance of 600 miles from the sea-board. Many of the South Sea islands are covered with luxurious groves of these both useful and ornamental trees. How they came there is, to some extent, still involved in mystery, since the currents of the ocean would have to transport fleets of nuts dropped into the surf from the overhanging cliffs of their native homes, before a single one, after completing its far journey, would be cast up high and dry enough by the breakers beating against the lonely shores of these lonely distant coral islands of the great Pacific. Since it is conceded that some of these groups, such as the Marquesas islands, have been settled by the natives of Papua as early as the seventh century, it would be more reasonable to ascribe the introduction of the cocoanut to human intervention than to that of the waves, particularly when we bear in mind the importance of the nut to the natives of Southern Asia on account of its nutritive qualities. To the natives of many tropical regions it is equivalent to the date of the Sahara or the Mandioc of South America. The following passage from Bonifas Guizot's botany for youth gives us in the garb of oriental, allegorical language, an idea of the immense advantages which the inhabitants of tropical countries derive from this one single species of palms.

Imagine a traveler passing through one of these countries situated under the burning sky, where coolness and shade are so rare, and where habitations, in which to take repose so necessary to travelers, are only to be found at considerable distances. Panting and dispirited, the poor wanderer at last perceives a hut surrounded by some trees with straight erect stems, surmounted by an immense tuft of green leaves, some being upright and others pendent, giving an elegant aspect to the scene. Nothing else near the cabin indicates cultivated land. At this sight the spirits of the traveler revive, he collects his strength, and is soon under the hospitable roof. His host offers him a sourish drink, he slakes his thirst; it refreshes him. When he has taken his repose, the Indian invites him to share his repast. He serves up various meats, contained in a brown looking vessel, smooth and glossy; he serves up also some wine of an extremely agreeable flavor. Toward the end of the repast his host offers him certain succulent comforts, and he is made to taste some excellent spirits. The astonished traveler asks who in this desert country furnishes him with these things. "My cocoanut tree," is the reply. "The water I presented you with on your arrival is drawn from the fruit before it is ripe, and some of the nuts which contain it weigh three or four pounds. This almond, so delicate in its flavor, is the fruit when ripe. This milk, which you find so agreeable, is drawn from the nut; this cabbage whose flavor is so delicate, is the tops of the cocoanut, but we rarely regale ourselves with this delicacy, for the trees from which the cabbage is cut, die soon after. This wine, with which you are so satisfied, is still drawn from the cocoanut tree. In order to obtain it, an incision is made into the spathe of the flowers. It flows from it in the form of a white liquor, which is gathered in proper vessels, and we call it palm wine; exposed to the air it turns sour and is used as vinegar.

By distillation we obtain this very good brandy which you have tasted. The sap has supplied the sugar, with which these preserves are sweetened. These vessels and utensils have been made out of the shell of the nut. Nor is this all; this habitation itself I owe entirely to these invaluable trees; with their wood my cabin is constructed; their leaves dried and plated form the roof; made into an umbrella, they shelter me from the sun when I walk; the clothes which cover me, are woven out of the filaments of their leaves. These mats, which serve so many useful purposes, proceed from them also. The sifter which you behold was found made to my hand in that part of the tree whence the leaves issue; with the same leaves woven together we make sails for ships; the species of fiber, which envelops the nut, is much preferable to tow for caulking ships, as it does not rot in the water, and swells in imbibing it; it makes excellent strings and all sorts of cable and cordage. Finally, the delicate oil which has seasoned many of our meats, and which is burned in my lamp, is expressed from the fresh kernel." The stranger listened with astonishment to the poor Indian, who by only having his cocoanut trees, had nearly every thing necessary to his existence. When the traveler was again disposed to take his departure, his host once more addressed him: "I am going to write to a friend in the city, may I ask you, to charge yourself with my communication?" "Yes, but will your cocoanut tree still supply you with the materials?" "Certainly," said the Indian, "with the saw-dust severed from the leaves I made the ink, and with the leaves, this parchment; in former times it was used to record all public and memorable acts."

"Hands Off!"

Olive Logan, who ought to be considered good authority on any subject she writes about, gives the following advice to young girls. She undoubtedly "knows how it is herself," or did long, long ago.

"A woman's safeguard is to keep a man's hands off her. If you need his assistance in walking, take his arm instead of him taking yours. Just tell him in plain English to 'hands off!' He may not like it at first, but he will respect you in the future ten-fold more. Men will be and do just what the women allow them to do. Men will not do to trust. Give a man your arm and you will find him very confidential, and he will take a great many privileges he would not take if he was not permitted to do so. He will give your arm many loving squeezes and sly twists that he could have no opportunity of doing, and the opportunity is just what he is after. A few words more of advice and I close. Keep young girls off the street except when they have business. Teach them it is unnecessary to go to the post-office every time they go out. Your girls can walk alone just as well as your boys. Don't allow your girls, if they must have a beau, to go with a boy much older than themselves. If possible, instill into their very nature that they are safer in the hands of any man—preachers not excepted."

Cautions in Eating.

1. Of course, don't eat too much. The digestive fluids are limited in quantity. All above enough is undigested, irritating and weakening the system, and often causing paralysis of the brain by drawing on the nervous force more rapidly than it is generated.

2. Don't eat between meals. The stomach must rest, or it will sooner or later break down. Even the heart has to rest between the beats.

3. Don't eat a full meal when exhausted. The stomach is as exhausted as the rest of the body.

4. Don't take lunch a at noon and eat heartily at night. The whole digestive system needs to share in the rest and recuperation of sleep. Besides, the tendency is to put a full meal into a weakened stomach.

5. Don't substitute stimulus for food—like many women who do half a day's work on strong coffee or tea. As well, in the case of a horse substitute the whip for oats.

6. Don't have a daily monotony of dishes. Variety is necessary for relish, and relish is necessary to good digestion.

7. Don't eat blindly. There can be nothing in the body—muscles, membranes, bones, nerve, brain—which is not in our food. One article furnishes one or more elements, and another others. We could starve on fine flour. Some articles do not nourish, only warm.

8. Eat according to the season—one-third less in summer than in winter. In the latter fat meat, sugar, and starch are appropriate, as being heat-makers; in the former, milk, vegetables, and every variety of ripe fruit.

9. Eat with cheer. Cheer promotes digestion; care, fret and passion arrest it. Lively chat, racy anecdotes, and innocent gossip are better than Halford sauce.

Carrier Pigeons.

Dr. Harvey J Philpot. in a letter to the London Daily Telegraph, writes as follows: "I have made valuable use of the carrier or homing pigeon as an auxiliary to my practice. So easily are these 'unqualified assistants' reared and trained that I am surprised that they are not brought into use by the profession I belong to. My modus operandi is simply this: I take out half a dozen birds massed together in a basket with me on my rounds, and when I have seen my patient, no matter at what distance from home, I write my prescription on a piece of tissue paper, and having wound it around the shank of the bird's leg I gently throw the carrier up into the air. In a few minutes it reaches home, and, having been shut up fasting since the previous evening, without much delay it enters the trap-cage connected with its loft, where it is at once caught by my gardener or dispenser, who knows pretty well the time of its arrival, and relieves it of its dispatches. The medicine is immediately prepared and sent off by the messenger, who is thus saved several hours of waiting, and I an enabled to complete my morning round of visits. Should any patient be very sick, and I am desirous of having an early report of him or her the next morning, I leave a bird to bring me tidings. A short time since I took with me six pairs of birds. I sent a pair of them off from each village I had occasion to visit, every other one bearing a prescription. Upon my return I found all the prescriptions arranged on my desk by my dispenser, who had already made up the medicines."

Poisonous Fishes.

Fournol gives a summary of the present knowledge concerning poisonous fishes, which appears to be a source of grave danger. There are fishes perfectly harmless at some seasons of the year, but poisonous at others. This has been observed in Japan with the common salmon, the bonito, and the albicore. The symptoms are like those caused by the indigestion of corrupted meat, and, though alarming are rarely, fatal. Other fishes, are wholesome when young, but become poisonous when they attain a certain growth. Other aquatic animals—the conger, the pike, the barbel, the prawn, and the mussel—are occasionally and capriciously poisonous. In one instance a number of persons who had just partaken of the spawn of a large barbel, experienced very severe symptoms of poisoning, while one of the party, who had not eaten any of the spawn, escaped. The liver and the head of several species of fish inhabiting different parts of the world are found exceptionally dangerous. The occasionally poisonous actions of mussels, oysters, etc., is ascribed by eminent authorities to their having eaten the eggs of the star-fish, which are occasionally found in these mollusks on dissection, and which, when handled, produce cutaneous irritation. Other fishes appear to be poisonous at all times and under all circumstances. Prudence dictates that the roe, liver, etc., of all unknown fishes should be carefully avoided, and it is doubtful whether fishes too small to admit of the removal of the alimentary canal, with its possible contents, should be eaten at all.

Neglect of Children.

Many a mother has wept over the sins of her child, little dreaming that while she persued her round of idle pleasures, her child was taking its first lessons in sin from the example of a vicious nurse. The truth is, parents take upon themselves too many unnecessary burdens, and consider themselves bound by duty to perform too many tasks, which are of much less consequence than the teaching and training of their children. The father has his trade or profession, and his few leisure hours he must spend in social pleasures. The mother has her household cares to perform, and the comfort of her family to study, and besides these there is so much time to be devoted to fancy work, to visitors, and to amusements of one kind and another. Her children are made secondary considerations, and depend upon the kindness of hirelings. Their dresses may be miracles of puffing, ruffles and embroidery, but what does that count when their minds are dwarfed through neglect? Her house may be a model of neatness, her bread excel that of her neighbors, her jellies and preserves enough to tempt the most fastidious; but if, in all this, she has kept aloof from her child, has chilled his heart toward her, what does it count?

EXCITEMENT AND ENTHUSIASM.—An excess of excitement, and a deficiency of enthusiasm, may easily characterize the same person or period. Enthusiasm is grave, inward, self-controlled; mere excitement is outward, fantastic, hysterical and passing in a moment from tears to laughter; from one aim to its very opposite.

ANSWER TO LE DUKE.

BY ARGUS.

In the issue of last week I noticed that "Le Duke" had something to say about Emancipation day. He was free to claim that the above named day was one which should be celebrated by every colored man, woman and child in the country, but turned up his nose at the promiscuous aggregation who by their appreciation and patriotism turn out in grand parade on Emancipation day. "Le Duke" is a modest personage and therefore makes a "*suggestion*" instead of coming out flat-footed. Now I don't claim to have any modesty (as the use of the above circus phrase, "promiscuous aggregation," would plainly show) when it comes to Emancipation day. I confess I am weak on that day, for it is the only chance one has of forming anything like a respectable estimate of the way "we can turn out." I am a believer in the right of shouting when there is anything to shout for, and in my judgment, if there is any one thing more than another (excepting, of course, all religious matters in which the colored people have an undisputed and *unsatiable* right) for which the colored people should shout, it is the glorious act of emancipation. In the celebration of this event every soul should shout, whether he be black or white, rich or poor, high or low; and since a general good time can not be had in a small house, I see no good reason why the common thoroughfare should not be used. Of course all this will be very revolting to the tender sensibilities of the modest "Le Duke" and many another rose-tinted, sweet-scented lollipop, and they will continue to cry down processions and all that, but the poor colored people who don't get a chance to "see sogers" and hear music often won't have any objection to making music and trampling to the martial strains of our popular and musical (?) brass bands and tripple the "light fantastic" along the sidewalks. Then, too, these turnouts which arr so disgustingly revolting to "our high toned colored folks" may have the effect to exciting interest in the welfare of "the rag, tag and bobtail." We have no right to say that the last named have no right to turnout and celebrate. And what is more if our "better classes" don't set aqout teaching these people how to act, they will continue to disgrace them to their utter humiliation. Now let "Le Duke's friends go about teaching the idea of digency how to short. Le Duke should carry out his morality to the end of the line and not stop at processions.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Loveliness in Woman.

Loveliness in women, though it may vary in its character and manifestations in different periods of life, is not the property of youth only. There is a great and undeniable charm in the fresh beauty of eighteen, to which perhaps inexperience and early romance lend an additional fascination. A pretty girl of that age, who has been untouched by care, and who knows of the world through imagination only, is a very delightful object; and many men are anxious to take captive her first affections.

Between eighteen and twenty-two, the changes of a girl, so far as the charm of her person go, are not likely to be great; but in that time, by intercourse with society and by natural development, she may grow more companionable for men of manturity, find her carriage and self-control better and greater. These are important years in a young woman's life, the years during which in our climate a majority of her sex are married.

And yet, from twenty-two to twenty-five or twenty-six, a maiden may and generally does still further advance in attractiveness and adds to her store of charms. She is still young, but she has outlived many youthful fancies, and feels some of the dignity of womanhood. No better ages than those in a woman's life and never is she lovelier.

But why stop at twenty-six? What fairer women are to be found than those between twenty-six and thirty, and even older?

Words of Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making the first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing we must not stand shivering on the brink, and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting the nice chances. It did well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon a publication for 150 years, and then live to see it succeed six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is 60 years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no time left in which to follow their advice. There is such little time for oversqueamishness at present, the opportunities so easily slip away, the very period of his life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculations.

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